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A Touch of the Times.

OR,

TWO LETTERS

Caſually Intercepted.

The Firſt, From the Author of a late Pamphlet Intituled, *Day-Fatality:* To the ſuppoſed Author of the *Weekly Packet of Advice from Rome. 1679.*

The Second, The ANSWER thereunto.

REturning out of the Country, I was ſhewed a Pamphlet of yours, Wherein you made Reflexion upon me as a *Two Penny Scribler*; with other Unhandſom Termes. I am told you Write for a Living (*Sedulitatem tuam laudo*) and yet your Books are but *Pence apiece, &c.* to unbraid my *Two Pence*. I Wrote mine for no Reward or Gain; and if you underſtand Latine, you may know when I did it, and gueſs upon what Account: It being Compil'd ſhortly after his Highneſs Receſs, Upon a Duty I owe to Him as being the KING (my Maſter's) only Brother. I proffered it to ſeveral, to do *Gratis*, but none durſt till the Preſs Open, and Parliaments Diſſolution.

I'le aſſure you, its Impreſſion was upon my Contribution, without any deſigne of Profit.

You made a Damnable Reflexion upon the Duke's Safe (therefore I ſay Happy) Arrſbal, (taken Notice of by more than my ſelf); and for which (no Doubt) you muſt give Account to Greater Perſons than the *Gotham Author* (who is no *Red-Letter Man*) as you would have it.

And whom alſo you have injured in this Particular; In hitting him in the Teeth, with the *Second* of *September*; when as he himſelf Acknowledges it *A Diſmal and Unhappy Day*, not only to the City of *London*, but conſequently to the whole Kingdom, [*pag. 4. Paragraph the laſt.*]

I ſhall then (and not before) prove an Impertinent Coxcomb, when ſuch as you, come to have the Rule of that Providence, that Attends his *Royal Highneſs*; and will then apply to my ſelf, your 1 *Kings* 22. *&* 22, 23. *verſes.*

I have made Enquiry after you, and find you were Bred an Attorney; as ſuch, you cannot but have (at leaſt) ſome little kind of Gammar-Learning: Read Then.

Reges ac ipſis ortos reverenter habeto
Ranaque deſiſtat torvum irritare Leonem.

It was at the Printers Requeſt, I ſet my Name: But I Faith Sir, I would you were out of Harmes Way as well as he is. (You know what I mean.)

Enquire for me (if you have any thing to ſay to me) at Mr. *Bilingſlies* a Stationer near the *Exchange* South Door, (I am not unknown to Mr. *Stephens*, belonging to

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the Kings Printing-House, and one of his Majesties Pourſivant Meſſengers) or Mr. *Philip Foxcroft* belonging to the Printing-House in *Little Britain*. And my Name is

Septemb. 15. 1679. *JOHAN. GIBBON.*

The Answer.

Moſt Illuſtrious Unknown!

LAſt Night I received a Paper which you did me the Honour to ſend, or, (perhaps out of Good husbandry) *bring* me. What that meant I cannot throughly comprehend. If you imagine me to be the Author of the *Antipapal Pacquet*, be Convinc'd the *ſmall Intelligencers* (poſſibly ſome of thoſe your good Friends you mention) may have deceived you: For, I am told the ſame is written by I know not who, with *Three Capps a piece*, your ſmall Wits of St. *Omers* tis like will call 'um *Legion*, for, its confidently Aver'd, they are many. If you are not a *Papiſt* I am glad of it, not for my own ſake, but *yours*; but muſt needs tell you, you are then one of the moſt *Unfortunate Proteſtants* that have writ Pamphlet ſince the Reign of Mr. *L'Eſtrange* Expir'd. ——— You ſay you have inquired after me ——— *Sedulitatem tuam Laudo*, (to return you one of your own *ſcraps*, for I mortally hate to be endepted to any Body, for *Pedantry*) but I fear the pains in *that*, as well as in your *printed Labours*, prov'd *to little purpoſe*. VVhat a company of *Raskals* were theſe *Printers* that they would not break an *Act of Parliament* to Oblige the VVorld, (and the Bog-houſes) with ſuch an Excellent *Piece*; and then at laſt, to make you *pay Contribution* too, (as you ſay you did) towards *Printing*, really Sir, that was unkind; and a man were better *write for a living* (as you are told, you know, or rather know not, who does) than ſcrible to *undoe* ones ſelf, which muſt Infallibly be your Fate, If on ſuch unconſcionable Terms you publiſh any more ſuch *Lear*. For ſince an Inundation of VVit and *Latine* is as miſchevous, as that of the *Sea*, 'tis moſt wiſe mens Opinion, That the Fee-ſimple of an Author will never turn to any more Account to you, than *the Land in the Marſh*, did. Dear Sir, Conſult *Erra Pater* next bout. Did not you begin that, That Fatality-work on a *Childermaſs-day*? As for your terrible *Reges ac Ipſis*, &c. I carried it, late as it was laſt Night, to a *Pedagogue* for Conſtruction, who tells me the Engliſh of it is, *That 'tis good ſleeping in a whole Skin*. Now I muſt profeſs, That though I Love and Revere *my King*, as well, and would venture my Blood to ſerve him againſt *Rome*, or *Geneva*, as freely as any *little Fellow* between *Barwick* and *Dover* Peer, yet I cannot very Cordially brook any of the *Popes Subjects* (as ſuch) be they what they will; though in other reſpects, *I honour* them as much, and ſomewhat more than any that ſhall go about with *Freaks* and ridiculous Flim flams to flatter them. I like your humour rarely well for *Swearing* with your Pen, though I muſt, to deal plainly (as you know Friends ſhould do,) tell you, tis not altogether ſo *Jantee*, as by *word of mouth*. For obſerve me, If *I*, that am but a *bad Reader* (though my Grannum, and my Grammer (as you note right well) might teach me *at leaſt ſome little kind of* Learning) ſhould not happen to Tone *I Faith* luckily in pronunciation, Then would the *Grace* of that Expreſſion be utterly loſt. As for the wiſhing me out of *Harms*-way, 'tis moſt Obligingly done, but *I* beſeech you do not you give your ſelf the trouble of *putting me out of the way*, (the Phraſe is known) alamode *de Godfrey*, were *I* not aſſur'd under your hand that you are none of the *Bloody Letter*, *I* ſhould not like thoſe Menacings. But to obtain your favour, I do aſſure you, If you pleaſe to Write an Hundred and Fifty more ſuch Volumns as the *Laſt*, I will henceforward never ſo much as directly or indirectly *read one of them*.

This is all at preſent, beſides my love kindly remembred to you, and my reſpects to *Philip Foxcroft* (who for ought I know may be your *Godfather*, for I never heard of him before in my Life) ſo hoping that all our friends at home, and *going abroad* are in good health: I reſt

Septem. 17. 79.

Your much obliged Servant, and my Name (leſt you ſhould have forgot it) Is

HEN. CARE.